

GREAT EXPECTATIONS AND THE DREAMS OF YOUTHFULNESS

The Most-Contented People Are Those Who Expect Little, for to These Life Is One Constant Series of Pleasant Surprises

By ELLEN ADAIR

WE ALL suffer a little from great expectations, more especially when we are young, and have the whole exquisite expanse of a beautiful, unknown, untried world lying before us like a plate of cakes before a hungry child.

Nor is the habit of expecting too much of people and of life confined to the feminine sex alone. Men, too, follow the sad example of Mr. Aesop's dog, and drop the real bone to grab at the shadow.

Perhaps the happiest people in the world are those who expect little of it, for to these life is one constant series of pleasant surprises.

The average girl sooner or later fixes her affections on some admirable youth—at least in her eyes he is admirable, though he may be very far from the same to any one else—and assumes over him an air of proud possession. She has selected him, so she imagines, from a large crowd of ordinary young men, and had she not saved him from that dreadful doom, he might just have drifted on and on alone until he wound up as a Confused Old Bachelor, than which there is nothing more dismal and dreary on God's earth.

This young man she has idealized and idealized until she has created him a demigod. Her candid friends may point out to her that he is quite an ordinary person, from whom one may expect nothing more than very average mediocrity. But then all candid friends have an unpleasant way of turning swans into geese! So she pursues her pathway with much complacency, and pays no attention to upward criticism on the subject of the demigod.

"I always get a little twinge of sadness," announced a certain well-bachelor the other day, "when I hear some nice girl laying down the law as to the pattern into which she is going to shape the hapless lump of bachelor clay which she has taken over for better or for worse! Certain it is that, if she be very tactful and very wise, she may model him into some rough resemblance of her heart's desire. But art is long, and life is short; and the road to Tipperary is not so long as that which must be traveled by those who seek perfection in a man."

"Many a time must that lump of bachelor clay be argued into shapelessness, then pinched and patted and coaxed toward the likeness of the ideal man. Many a time will he have to be softened with tears to give his creator the chance of starting afresh, after one of those lovers' quarrels which burden him so."

Man loves woman for what he thinks she is, but she loves him for what he ought to be! Strange complications therefore do arise, until the situation adjusts itself. As a matter of fact, the average human starts out by crying for the moon, but has in the long run to be content with a homely lamp.

As an illustration of this fact, amidst the documents produced in a law case several years ago in the Paris courts was the following appeal on the part of a foolish lady who expected too much, and was, therefore, foredoomed to disappointment:

St. Mary—Let me marry. St. Privat—Let him be a soldier. St. Augustine—Or a doctor. But I would prefer a soldier. St. Anatole—Or a schoolmaster, only not too old or ugly. St. Basil—I will take him whatever his complexion may be. St. Fabian—Let him have a bit of money. St. Pretextatus—Let him have a good and solid position. St. Angela—Let him be faithful until my life's end. St. Leander—Let him be tender. St. Apollinaris—Let him be good tempered at all times. St. Gregory—Don't let him drink. St. Thomas—Don't let him smoke. St. Philomena—Let me be the next year. St. Madeline—Don't put it off to next year. St. Ferdinand—I have waited so long, and life is uncertain. St. Eucharis—Let me have him this winter without fail.

The lady who wrote this married a flute-player, and, despite the great expectations set forth in the foregoing document, the two were separated within three days on the grounds of incompatibility of temperament!

All of which goes to prove that no mere man is perfect, though the consolation is tentatively offered that, like the curate's egg, he may be excellent in parts!

Mr. Caterpillar Builds His Winter House

UP AND up and up the tree climbed Mr. Caterpillar, higher and higher and higher. Till he passed the bumps where the branches had been trimmed off, till he left the first branches far behind and found in front of him the biggest, strongest branch of the whole tree. Then he stopped to get his breath and decide on the next move.

"A very fine tree," he said, nodding his head approvingly. "I couldn't have found a better if I had hunted the world over. And now for choosing the particular spot."

He wigwagged his nose, squirmed along the tree trunk a bit, and then, for no apparent reason, started out on the sec-

ond branch. "This is the best branch on the tree," he said, decidedly, "and right here is where I spend the winter."

Now at that very minute, who should he see coming toward the tree but Tommy Sparrow. And of course he spied Mr. Caterpillar at once.

"How do you do, this fine autumn day?" he asked, politely. "I thought you and your family were all dead."

"Dead?" asked the caterpillar, in amazement. "What a queer, queer thing to think! We are none of us dead! Whatever made you think we were?"

"Because I never saw any of you about the garden," replied Tommy Sparrow. "And it has been my experience that

when I fall to see garden creatures for several days, they are generally dead—otherwise they would be around."

"Well, that rule doesn't apply to us, as you see," laughed Mr. Caterpillar.

"Then where have you been all this time?" asked Tommy, who as you well know is of an argumentative turn of mind and always wants a reason if he is mistaken in anything. "If the caterpillars are not dead, where are they? Why are they not around the garden tending to their business?"

"Because," replied Mr. Caterpillar, politely, "at this time of year their business takes them to the trees."

"Where?" asked Tommy, looking around. "I don't see any!"

"No, of course you don't," said the caterpillar patiently, "because they cover themselves up for the winter. Nice butterflies we would make in the spring if we didn't protect ourselves through the long, cold winter! Watch me make my cocoon, and then you will know how it is done."

So Tommy perched on the next higher branch of the tree and watched while the caterpillar began weaving his winter home. Of course, Tommy couldn't wait till the cocoon was finished, but he saw it well begun and then he went sight-seeing and found dozens of fine cocoons on other trees. "Those caterpillars do have sense," he said to himself, and indeed they have.

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ELABORATE TOILETTES MARK SOCIAL SEASONS OPENING

MUCH has been said of this season's evening gowns, and before the season is over much more will be said, but one thing remains decided and indisputably evident—evening gowns are elaborate, and they are alarmingly decorative. Bodices are a matter of a few straps over the shoulders, or a jeweled pin, which holds a bit of a velvet bolero in its place. Even the young girls' gowns are décolleté—and I wonder when I look around at the slender shoulders of the youthful figures if the bareness is as becoming as the flattering draperies of tulle.

Metallic weaves of all description are seen. Simple dresses of silk and satin have enormous masses of sunflowers and crescents in glittering threads of gold. The splendor is almost barbaric. I saw a little gown the other day which, on first glance, appeared to be a plain tulle frock, until I noticed that the whole underbody was made of gold tissue, heavily studded with brilliants.

This is only one of the many extravagantly beautiful creations which the lady wears of an evening. A lovely gown for the dinner party is shown in today's fashion cut. It is naturally elaborate, but an air of sombre conservatism is given by confining the color scheme to navy blue. Barring the touch of flesh-colored chiffon under the veiling of blue silk net at the bodice, the effect is severely plain. A noticeable use of unfinished chiffon is seen on the sleeve—the soft little demilaine is left just as the original selvage of the goods appeared.

The drapery of the net is also an interesting detail. It is brought across the front and tied at the shoulders with long ends. These may be left to fly full length or wrapped around the shoulders like a scarf. The skirt flares all around the bottom, being daintily wired out to give the necessary bouffant effect.



DINNER GOWN

"WED" AGAIN AFTER 25 YEARS

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunn Observe Marriage Anniversary

A repetition of their wedding a quarter of a century ago was held today at St. Alphonsus Church, 4th and Reed streets, in celebration of the 25th anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunn, of Front and Emily streets.

School children from the parish attended the Solemn High Mass preceding the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Henry Stummell. Mr. and Mrs. Dunn were the first couple married by Father Stummell at St. Alphonsus Church.

A silver set was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Dunn by their nine children, six boys and three girls. Four of the children are pupils at St. Alphonsus school.

A breakfast, attended by neighbors and relatives at the home, followed the wedding, for which the church was decorated with flowers. William Dunn, a son of Charles Dunn, also is celebrating today with his wife their second anniversary.

Surgeons to Meet Here Next Year The Clinical Congress of Surgeons will hold its annual meeting next year in Philadelphia. This announcement was made in Boston yesterday, where the congress is in session. Among the many interesting subjects under discussion at the present congress, have been tetanus, cancer and serum treatments.

Protect Yourself! AT FOUNTAINS, HOTELS, OR ELSEWHERE Get HORLICK'S THE ORIGINAL Malted Milk The Food-drink for All Ages. Delicious, invigorating and sustaining. Keep it on your sideboard at home. Don't travel without it. A quick lunch prepared in a minute. Unless you say "HORLICK'S" you may get a Substitute.

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REVISION OF SCIENCE TEXT BOOKS URGED

Montgomery County Teachers Told Many Works in Use Now Are Antiquated

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Oct. 28.—The closing sessions of the Montgomery County Teachers' Institute were held today. In the high school section, this morning, there was a round-table conference on the advantages of a course in general science, participated in by S. L. Shannaman, of Lower Merion; C. A. Stittler, of Jenkintown, and A. L. Gehman, of Souderton, during which it was pointed out, especially by Mr. Shannaman that there were many mistakes in the science textbooks that had been written until the present, facts had changed, but that the textbooks had never been changed to conform to the facts, causing many inefficient teachers to teach error instead of truth.

Another round-table conference was held in the rural section on the professional growth of teachers and its attainment. Those who took part were Miss Eleanor B. Price, of Upper Merion; John H. Dutton, of Upper Providence, and Raymond Adams, of Whitpain.

Prof. Reuben Post Halleck, of Louisville, Ky., and H. W. Foght, of the Bureau of Education, Washington, were the lecturers at the closing sessions. Professor Foght's subject before an audience of more than 500 grammar school teachers this morning was "The Teacher Preparing for Life Work." He advocated gardening in connection with school work and demonstrated the benefits to be derived by the teacher in organizing Boy Scouts among the boy students and Camp Five Girls among the girl pupils.

At the closing session of the institute this afternoon, Professor Foght talked on "The Land of the Midnight Sun," and Professor Halleck spoke on the "Psychology of Action."

Others who occupied the stage today were William Melcher, of Natick, Mass.; J. M. Fisher, of Ambler; Edgar A. Meiler, of Abington; Miss Deborah Smiley, of Collegeville, and Miss Frances Clausen, of Bridgeport.

Apple Song

O the sun has kissed the apples, Kissed the apples; And the apples, hanging mellow, Red and yellow, All down the orchard seen Make a glory of the green.

The sun has kissed the apples, Kissed the apples; O'er the marsh the cattle spread, White and red, The sky is all as blue As a gentian in the dew.

The sun has kissed the apples, Kissed the apples; And the maples are ablaze Through the haze, The crickets in their meeth Fife the fruiting song of earth.

—Charles G. D. Roberts, St. Louis Star.

Shopping Hints

Combs feathers for the everyday hat may be bought in one department store for 25 cents. This, of course, for imitation combs.

Untrimmed tricotines in black velvet are very handy, and another large store is selling them at \$2.95.

A patent arrangement for the protection of the kitchen sink sets in tightly and has a sliding compartment to catch particles of food, etc., when the dishes are washed. The price is \$2.

White kid gloves of good quality, 12-button length, sell just now at 35 cents a pair.

HERE IS MY BIG THANKSGIVING OFFER Best material ladies' newest style. \$30 FALL SUITS Made to Your Measure \$15 Satin-Lined Complete Ladies' Tailor PHILIP BERGER 1305 Market St. Entrance under canopy between Hat Store and Shoe Store, opposite Wanamaker's. Remember the number, 1305. SAMPLES MAILED ON REQUEST.

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Today I'm just showing my funny, round phiz And I'll bet you don't know where the rest of me is!

MOTHER ATTENDING WEDDING, DAUGHTER AND COUSIN ELOPE "Please Don't Scold; We've Been Married," Says Telegram

Miss Miriam Schweitzer and David J. Edwards, her cousin, went to Baltimore yesterday and were married. It had been all arranged that they should be married next January, but it occurred to them that it would be foolish to wait that long, and so while Mrs. Theodore Schweitzer, the bride's mother, was at a wedding at the St. James Hotel Wednesday her daughter was packing her trunk and having it sent to Baltimore.

Then yesterday the young woman left her parents' home, 3229 Schuyler street, Germantown, giving some excuse about shopping or taking a walk. Later a message came by wire from Baltimore saying: "Please don't scold me. We've been married—Miriam."

Paderewski Postpones Concert

Paderewski, the famous pianist, will not appear tomorrow afternoon at the Academy of Music. The concert was to have been given for the benefit of victims of the war in Poland. Mrs. Paderewski last evening notified her husband's manager, C. A. Ellis, of Boston, that the pianist's physician had forbidden him to appear in Philadelphia this week. The concert has been postponed until Monday afternoon, November 15.

PADEREWSKI'S "PUPIL" RAISES THE RATES FOR HER LESSONS

Pianist Once Played for Her and She Charges \$1 an Hour

Paderewski arrived in a small Western town about noon one day and decided to take a walk in the afternoon. While strolling along he heard a piano, and, following the sound, came to a house of which was a sign reading:

"Miss Jones, Piano lessons 25 cents an hour." Pausing to listen, he heard the young woman trying to play one of Chopin's nocturnes, and not succeeding very well. Paderewski walked up to the house and knocked. Miss Jones came to the door and recognized him at once. Delighted, she invited him in and he sat down and played the nocturne as only Paderewski can, afterward spending an hour in correcting her mistakes. Miss Jones thanked him and he departed.

Some months afterward he returned to the town, and again took the same walk. He soon came to the home of Miss Jones, and, looking at the sign, read: "Miss Jones, Piano lessons \$1 an hour. (Pupil of Paderewski)."

A Wonderful Combination DOLFINER'S STANDARD DAIRIES Sixteenth and Tasker Streets

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MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS Copyright, 1915. THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD

Comic strip featuring Millie and her millions. Characters include a man in a suit and a woman in a dress. Dialogue includes: "THAT LAWN ISN'T LOOKING VERY WELL, HAWKINS", "IT ISN'T SO BAD, ANGEL", "I'M GETTIN' IT INTO SHAPE BY DEGREES, MA'AM", "DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER TO SPRINKLE IT WITH FILTERED WATER?", "OH, NO, MA'AM, GERMS IS GOOD FOR IT", "NEXT SPRING, HAWKINS, I THINK WE'LL TRY PUTTING CLOVER IN THERE", "YE-S! BUT IT COSTS MONEY", "AND REMEMBER, HAWKINS, WHEN I SAY CLOVER-", "I DON'T WANT ANY OF THE CHEAP KIND -", "OH, NO, MA'AM?", "I WANT NOTHING BUT THE VERY BEST FOURLEAFED CLOVER."